A Piece of Peace

February 17, 2015 By Nicole Lemelle

"Of course there is no formula for success except, perhaps, an unconditional acceptance of life and what it brings." ~ Arthur Rubinstein

Did you know that acceptance is a choice that you have full reign over? Now they tell me! I do have some choice in this horrific disease.

But, there's a catch.

I saw a tall case of stairs the other day, it nearly brought me to tears. Why? Well, mainly because today I'm downgraded to a wheelchair. While not too long ago I would have happily opted to take on those stairs, now I can't. So, in the cloud of my sorrow, before I could even collect myself, my husband dared me to think about what I could do. All I wanted was to pay respect to the part of me that's likely gone forever, but dwelling on those memories encourages my denial of the acceptance of what is now.

I have heard that acceptance is a roadway that can lead to enduring happiness. If that's the case can someone please get me the Book of Acceptance 101? Because every time I think I'm there I get a nice slap in the face. They say that part of the beauty of life is that it's forever changing.

Well, I should have one up on that because I'm living with an unpredictable incurable disease. I have no choice but to go with the flow. If I don't I just create more turbulence for my own self. And who needs that? I know it's tempting to lean towards anger and frustration. But we help ourselves so much more if we don't.

"We need to develop the habit of looking at whatever happens through a positive mindset, instead of a negative and defeatist one." ~ Ana S.

Now to be honest, I'm still working on that one. I mean I'm not a pessimist, but that's a tall mountain to climb. I also must reluctantly admit that things and people have come into my life since my diagnosis that otherwise would not have - a host of supportive others battling this very same thing. People who understand; first hand. Not exactly a reason to elect to have MS, but it's what happens when you slowly seek out the positive in a not so positive situation.

The fact is I can no longer climb that monstrous flight of stairs, but there are still things that I can do. If I can just hold on to that frame of mind, life becomes more bearable for both my husband

and me. After I dried my eyes, passed those darn stairs, and remembered my abilities, I discovered to my own surprise ... a piece of peace. Who knew?

I guess I should again grudgingly thank my husband.

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